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★★★★★★★★★★★★
**We've gone
ASTRO-NUTS!**

**20
THINGS
YOU NEVER
KNEW ABOUT
SPACE**
★★★★★★★★★★★★
**CARTOON
SHOCKER!**



**TV star kicks
QUEEN
in Jacky-Danny**

ISSN 0952-7966





BIFFA BACON



Letterbox

What's the Big Ikea?

☐ I think suppliers of crap British flat-pack furniture should advertise with the slogan "Don't be so Swedish" and illustrate it with clips of Swedes hanging themselves, supplying arms to the Nazis and wanking over farmyard animal pornography.

J. Terry Hebburn

Space Age Pensioner



Kirk - ninety

☐ Why all the fuss about John Glenn being the oldest man to go into space? It's all a load of bollocks. Captain Kirk still boldly goes there and he must be nearing fucking ninety

I. Camel
Saudi Arabia



STEVE OLIVE

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☐ I wonder if I might use your letters page to remind all students on course CS2077A (Software Engineering Methods) at Brunel University that the deadline for their coursework submission is Monday 7th December 1998. This deadline applies to both their group and individual coursework submissions, and work handed in later than that date will be penalised in accordance with the department's late work scheme.

John D Salt, BA, MSc.
Brunel University

**Glad to be of service, Mr Salt. However, you may as well have written to Cat Fanciers Weekly, as students stopped reading Viz years ago.*

☐ I had to laugh the other day. I was sniffing nitrous oxide.

T. Paddock
Sedbergh

The Best of Both Miss Worlds



Best and a Miss World he was banging in 1977

☐ I saw on the telly the other day that they have managed to successfully clone sheep, and that human cloning is now a realistic possibility for the future.

Just imagine the world a few years from now, whole armies of eight foot tall soldiers to defend our nations. And what about sport? A whole football team of George Bests! Mind you the problem would be that you'd have to clone eleven ex-Miss Worlds as well, just to keep their nads serviced.

B. Bingley
Bradford



Flatley yesterday

☐ On the end of his telly advert for "Feet of Flames", stiff-armed dancer Michael Flatley says "If I never did another show, I would die a happy man". Me too, Mr. Flatley.

L. Charms
Tadcaster

**Merry Christmas pal,
from the page that stinks of piss
and wants ten pence
for a cup of tea.**

☐ I am just writing to say how appalled I will be at the glut of tacky memorabilia which will be produced in the wake of the Queen Mother's death. It will ill befit her memory, everything from tea towels to key rings. The manufacturers of this stuff will ought to be ashamed of themselves.

G. Grahams
Hove

☐ "It's not every day you go to Venice" according to the girl in the jamrag advert. Well, that's just where she's wrong. I am an airline pilot and I do go there every day. Twice on Sundays.

M. Morris
Oxford

Desert Song



Mrs Cher

☐ In their 1995 Comic Relief song, 'Love Can Build a Bridge', Cher, Neneh Cherrie and Chrissie Hynde sing "I'd gladly walk across the desert with no shoes upon my feet, to share with you the last piece of bread I had to eat". I am currently stranded 300 miles north of Akabi in the middle of the Sahara with no remaining supplies, and you've guessed it, not a single bread brandishing barefoot bitch in sight. I don't know what will kill me first, the lack of nourishment or the sheer hypocrisy of the situation.

Sir Giles T'Ardenflesche
Sahara Desert

☐ I'm as liberal as the next man, and I've got nothing against them personally, but I really don't think it's a good idea for the Prime Minister to fill his cabinet full of gays. The last thing Mr. Blair wants as he sits there with his finger on the nuclear button is Nick Brown and Chris Smith wandering up behind him and stroking his hair.

T. Kavanagh
Wapping

Fraud of the Dance



Flatley yesterday again

☐ Why does everyone make such a fuss about Michael Flatley and his Riverdancing. There's nothing clever about dancing if you've only got to think about moving your feet. Proper dancers like Lionel Blair wave their arms all over the shop. I think Mr. Flatley should charge half as much as he does for his tickets

Mrs. H. N. Loops
Rhyll

☐ Week after week, whilst flicking through "Hello" magazine, I am horrified at the state of the electrical wiring in the homes of celebrities. Being in the public eye, they have a duty to set an example, particularly to young people. Surely with all their money, the stars could find some way of powering their appliances which didn't involve trailing mains leads down the backs of tables, across carpets, and along skirting boards.

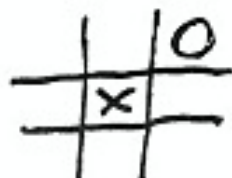
D. Pin
Cork

Genie with the Light Brown Ale

□ Last Tuesday, while sat on a park bench drinking Special Brew from a bottle, a Genie appeared and offered me 3 wishes. I wished to be sick, become incontinent and get arrested. Imagine my surprise the next morning on waking up in a police cell to find that all 3 wishes had come true.

T. Paddock
Millthorpe

□ In reply to Paul Dixon's letter (issue 92), alright.



I. Murray
East Sussex

*Okay, Paul. Your go.

□ Thank you for "keeping it real" and tricking me into parting with £1.60 for issue 92.

I saw the cover and thought I was going to get a "New Expanded" copy of Roger's Profanisaurus free inside, naive twat that I am. I'd missed the word "win" way over on the left hand side.

David Hollick
Dorset

*Yes, David. Quite a few of our readers fell for that one. We're now thinking of ways to trick you into parting with £1.75.

□ Correct me if I'm wrong, but I don't think I am.

R. Crisples
Hull

*No, you are absolutely correct. A copy of Roger's Profanisaurus is on its way to you.

Excretingly Good Cakes

□ Whilst reading my German daily paper today, I did a double-take on seeing this picture of an Afghan merchant selling (or trying to sell) goods imported from Iran.

Michael Kirsch
Göppingen



Desperate Measures

□ So the EU is clamping down on Suicidal Syds by ruling that no more than 16 paracetamols can be bought at one time. The next thing you know, they'll be ruling that rope can only be bought in 1 metre lengths.

G. Lewis
Abadare

□ In the bible, why do they always use a capital 'H' on He or Him or His, when referring to God even if it's in the middle of a sentence? Does he get annoyed if you spell it with a little 'h', like I just have, and if so, what's He going to do about it?

R. Brek
Kidderminster

□ So the name 'Waterloo Station' is offensive to the French. Clearly we're on to something here. How about renaming St. Pancras 'Agincourt Station' and, while we're at it, making Heathrow Airport 'Napoleon Died a Sad and Broken Man on a Lonely Windswept Island in a British Jail International'?

Neil
The Internet

Bottom of the Pops

□ Remember that shite song 'If You Ever' with East 17 and Gabrielle? The first line went "The very first time I saw your brown eyes." Because Gabrielle wears that stupid eye patch, the first line should have been "The very first time I saw your brown eye," which changes the atmosphere of the song entirely. I'd like to have seen the video to that one.

Rob Ellis
Birmingham



Flatley yesterday once more

□ In reply to Mrs Loops letter (this issue). What she fails to realise is that although Michael Flatley only moves his legs, they actually go three times

faster than Lionel Blair's. This means that his tickets are actually two thirds the price that they ought to be.

Mr. Frosties
Luton

Old Beige Pensioner

□ When I was young, the old folks' uniform was a trilby hat, dark overcoat, a dark suit with baggy trousers and a pair of stiff, shiny, lace-up shoes. Nowadays all coffin dodgers shuffle around dressed head to foot in beige. They look like ghosts even before they're dead.

S. K.
Mansfield

Do you know a colourless pensioner? Maybe your granny dresses from top to toe in taupe, or perhaps the miserable old sod next door is a bugger for beige. Send us a 'colour' photo of Britain's most neutral pensioner and win a copy of the new 'Heartbeat' video and a 'Heartbeat' pension book holder. And a signed photograph of Percy Edwards. Send your entries to the usual address, marking your envelope 'Beigewatch'. We'll get David Hasselhoff or Harry Enfield's arsehole of a dad to pick the winner.

□ I've just been struck by an enormous bolt of lightning. I'm covered in boils and my house is full of frogs. I strongly recommend that when referring to God, always use upper case 'H' on all personal pronouns.

R. Brek
Kidderminster

CHRISTMAS STAR FILE

How will you be spending this Christmas?

We always make a point of having a simple family Christmas at my absolutely massive house in Devon. We all go to church on Christmas morning to thank God for all the helicopters and cars He has blessed us with.

What do you have for Christmas Dinner?

Because we're so rich, a

turkey isn't big enough, so we have an elephant with an ostrich stuck up its arse and all the trimmings.

What is the worst present you have ever received?

I remember it well. My parents bought me a shiny red bike when I was 10. I was so disappointed, I cried all day. I had set my heart on a bag of gold.

What is the best present you have ever received?

Three years ago, my wife said to me "I had a problem fitting your present under the tree, so you'd better come outside". And when I went out, there was the biggest bag of fifty-pound notes she had ever given me for Christmas. It was a very emotional moment for both of us.

NOEL EDMONDS

Host of Noel's Christmas House Party



What would you most like to receive this Christmas?

When you've got as much as I have, there are few things left to want. But I would like a

full-size railway that ran around the estate, with a solid gold steam engine stoked with diamonds as big as your fist.

SUBSCRIPTIONS



Ahem. Hello. I'm Mr. Atkinson. Say the subscriptions girl's father. It has come to my attention that my daughter has been disporting herself on this page, dressed in skimpy panties, bras and suspenders, like a common trollop or shopgirl. As a result, I have locked her in her room until she learns how to behave decently, and I've forbidden her from appearing on this page again. Mind you, looking at these rates, a subscription to Viz does look like extremely good value. And as if that's not all, it seems that

if you take out a subscription now, the publishers will send you a FREE Viz CD Rom screen saver, whatever that is, or 2 FREE Viz back issues. That really is splendid value for...excuse me, I'll have to go. I think she's trying to climb down the drainpipe.

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Cannon Fodder

THE SHELVES of pie shops across America were standing empty last night after it was revealed that gargantuan seventies actor William Conrad had ate all the pies.

Scuffles broke out in the early hours over the few remaining pies, but as dawn broke, it became clear that there was no pies left.

Pies

We rang American Pie songwriter Don McClean

From our William Conrad correspondent in L.A. Bonacosta Flanaganer Jr.



Conrad - ate all the pies

to ask for a comment, but he said he was Don McClean off Crackerjack.

LetterBox

CONTINUED

☐ I bet you any money that Bruce Forsyth secretly thinks he's Sammy Davis Jr.

F. Shreddies
Stirling

*Come on readers. Who do you think Bruce secretly thinks he is? To decide, we're holding a referendum. Fill in the ballot slip below and send it to our usual address. It will be nice to see your votes, to see your votes nice. The results will be announced by a photograph of David Dimbleby in the next issue.

Official Referendum Ballot form

Do you think Bruce secretly thinks he's Sammy Davis Jr?

(Indicate with a cross X)

YES

☐

NO

☐

☐ What a lot of nonsense is talked about being run over by buses. My grandfather was run over by his first bus when he was 12-

MAKE your own swarm of giant bluebottles, by simply smearing bumblebees with Immac.

John Tait
Thropton

OWNERS of carpet tiles. Pretend one of your carpet tiles has anti-gravity by leaping in the air every time you step on it.

Giles T'Ardenflesche
Kensington

BRIDES to be. Have your wedding at a spiritualist church. That way you can have a star studded celebrity guest list. Marilyn Monroe, Elvis Presley and John Lennon could all be invited. Jesus himself could take the service and Red Rum could pull your wedding carriage.

Noel Armstrong
Lancaster

Avoid paying extra for cameras with expensive 'dateback' features by holding a small digital clock at arm's length so it appears in the bottom corner of every photograph.

P. Lepki
Cyberspace

and he was run over 80 times a day until he was 104, when he was killed by a cigarette.

G. Nuggets
Warrington

Bashing the bishops

☐ What an absolute disgrace the Church of England is. I saw a real bishop's hat the other day, and it was just a piece of cardboard with some cloth glued to it. It was rubbish. Come on Britain's bishops, let's make your hats be the envy of the world once more.

S. Wheat,
Dorchester

☐ Amongst suggestions for new events to be introduced into the Olympics are ballroom dancing, rollerblading and computer games, good news for the Dutch, the Americans and the Japanese respectively. However, if they introduced wife-beating, an event at which British sportsmen lead the world, we'd scoop gold, silver and bronze.

Q Oats
Cudworth

TOP TIPs

FELLAS. Recycle those tired jazzmags by cutting your favourite pictures into head, chest, leg and arm sections. You can then 'mix and match' to create your own 'Wankenstein' beauties.

D. Stocks.
Ipswich.

A GLASS pudding bowl placed upside down on a lawn makes an ideal 'Centre Parcs' style holiday destination for ants.

Neil
Heaton

FRUIT and veg sellers. Don't throw away damaged oranges. A Capri-Sun orange drink makes an ideal ready-made saline drip with which to get them fit for sale again.

Alex
Upton

☐ Having worked for many years in the tropical diseases department of a large teaching hospital, I have seen first hand the terrible effects of water borne diseases that wreak havoc on the digestive system. Having said that, I had to laugh when I heard that Esther Rantzen had got amoebic dysentery.

Dr. C.N. Cornflakes
Battersea

Booze at Ten

☐ ITV bosses' plans to move the News at Ten to an earlier evening slot with an 11 o'clock summary is sheer fucking madness. How will the poor newsreader, get a drink inside him. He'll have to stay sober to read the summary, and then he's missed last orders. Not only that, but he'll have to phone his wife up every night and tell her he's working late. Meanwhile, at the BBC, Michael Burke gets a good two hours drinking in, and Martyn Lewis hits the bar at half past six, the jammy cunt.

T. MacDonald
ITN

NEVER buy a portable television from a man in the street who's out of breath.

A. Berry
Grimsby.

STEVEN Berkoff. Make a small fortune appearing in Hollywood blockbusters as a stereotypical English baddy. This money will fund your theatre career, treading the boards in front of the very people you've portrayed as scum to a global audience.

A. Dean
Kingston

A PIECE of string and a jammy dodger makes a cheap but effective yo-yo. Leave in the sun for a bit, to give that fashionable 'clutch' effect.

Alex
Rowlands Gill

SAVE pounds at Xmas by turning your kids into Jehovah's Witnesses, eliminating the need to buy them presents. Spend the extra cash you have on fags and booze for a really great Xmas.

L.B.
Bidston



2

THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT SPACE

IN 1998, the Americans celebrated Bonfire Night by sending 77-year old pioneer astronaut John Glenn up into space on a rocket. Meanwhile, moonwalker Buzz Aldrin says that in 30 years time, we'll all be playing golf on Mars. But how much do we actually know about space? Here's a Cape Canaveral countdown of twenty things you never knew about the world's favourite infinite vacuum.



Neil Armstrong climbs up the ladder to get into Saturn V

Saturn V touched down on the beach next to the Sea of Tranquility on July 21st, 1969. During the flight, he passed his time by writing an historic quote to accompany his big moment stepping onto the lunar surface. However, as he marched out, he fluffed his lines and asked the driver, Buzz 'John' Aldrin to go back and land again.

into space on the Shuttle. However, when the man looked through the end he couldn't see anything and they had to take it back to the shop.

to two pensioners doing 40mph in a Morris Marina as you overtake them on the motorway.

The first man in space wasn't a man at all. He was a monkey called Cheetah. In a specially built little rocket full of bananas, he blasted off from the Baikonur Cosmodrome, Kazakhstan on November 3rd 1957. Travelling at 17,750 mph he reached an altitude of 588 miles before blowing up.

The author of Space 1999, Author Seaclarke tells everyone that he conceived the idea of the communication satellite. What he tends not to mention is that he also said they would probably be tied to the ground with very long ropes so as you could climb up and mend them when they broke.

A space bar isn't a pub in space where Whoopie Goldberg sells blue fizzy drinks to things with plastic foreheads and gills. It's the long plastic bit at the bottom of a typewriter that makes holes in your writing.



Astrochimp Cheetah, bid farewell to his proud mum.

Thanks to Mr. Seaclarke's invention, we can now watch 1970's Bavarian pornography on a Wednesday and Saturday, buy nasty jewellery from some failed soap star 24 hours a day and pay an extra tenner to watch Evander Holyfield getting his ear bitten off by a bull-necked rapist.

Black holes are enormous space vacuum cleaners. They are so heavy, that a teaspoon full of black hole would weigh as much as a baby elephant and would almost certainly break the spoon.

If someone tells you they are going moonwalking it doesn't necessarily mean they are going to blast off in a rocket for a stroll around the lunar surface. It

Space is the subject of the oldest and most uninteresting programme on telly. The Sky at Night, presented by fat, boggly-eyed, dusty suited, comedy xylophone player Patrick Moore, was first shown on April 24th 1957 and has appeared, unwatched, every month since.



Some Michael Jacksons.

Holidaying is the term for going on holiday, but mooning is not the term for going to the moon. Mooning actually means showing your arse from the back of a bus

probably means they are going to do that ridiculous backwards-cum-forwards walk made popular by not-plastic-surgery-nightmare, not-kiddie-diddler, high-pitched knacker grabber Michael Jackson.



Some tupperware.

Many labour saving devices used around the home came about as spin-offs from the technology developed for the space race, including polystyrene ceiling tiles, cat flaps, car alarms and tupperware.

Light from the pole star Polaris takes 400 years travelling at the speed of light to reach the Earth. That means that when you look at it today, you are actually seeing it as Sir Walter Raleigh saw it when he was a boy.

The Space Shuttle is a kind of space bus, and like ordinary buses, you even have to give up your seat for an elderly person. However, real buses seldom explode forty seconds after leaving the bus stop.

The Shuttle is the most expensive mode of transport in the world, guzzling petrol at a rate of 6 miles to the gallon. Travel on it is beyond the pocket of most people, a day return to the moon costing a staggering £30,000, the price of two estate cars!

The first man to land on the moon was the American Neil 'Stretch' Armstrong, whose command module

The biggest telescope in the world isn't actually in the world at all. It's in space! The Hubble Space Telescope weighs 11 tons, cost \$1.5 billion and was flown up

The first man in space was the Russian Cosmonaut, Yuri Gagarin who blasted off in Sputnik One with his dog Laika on October 10th 1965. The biggest problem he faced was that when cooking his breakfast in space, his sausages stuck to the bottom of the frying pan. Space boffins back on Earth solved this by inventing Teflon, which was used on the oven-to-tableware on all subsequent moonshots.



Yuri Gagarin in his space hat.

Our solar system contains nine planets which are blown around the Sun by solar winds. They are Mars, Venus, the Moon, Neptune, Mercury, Saturn, Haley's Comet, Uranus and Pluto.

And Jupiter. So that makes ten.

In olden days, people used to think that the moon was made of green cheese. However, thanks to technology and space travel we now know that it is made of moonrock, a type of weightless grey, fluffy dust, a bit like cement.

The closest star to the earth is Alpha Centauri. No one knows how far away it is, but space eggheads have calculated that it would take you approximately 3,000,000 years to get there.



Telly Christmas one and all...

Deck the halls with
boughs of holly!
Fa-la-la-la-laaa-la-la-lah

Christmas was a wonderful time for Edwin Scrooge and his family. Their home was vibrant with the sounds of a truly joyous family occasion, as they enjoyed the festivities to the full...

LET'S SING ANOTHER
DARLING!

I'M SURE WE'D
ALL LOVE TO
DARLING, BUT
THERE'S THE
TREE TO
DECORATE.

YES! AND THE
PUDDINGS TO
PREPARE! AND
THE YULE LOG
TO FETCH!

YES! AND THE CAKE TO ICE!
AND THE HOLLY TO GATHER
FOR THE WREATH!

IT'S A PITY WE DON'T HAVE
TELEVISION FATHER, MY
FRIEND BILLY CRATCHET
SAYS THERE'S A PROGRAMME
ON WHICH THEY MAKE AN
ADVENT CROWN WITH
CANDLES ON IT!

IT SOUNDS VERY
CHRISTMASSY FATHER!
CAN WE HAVE A
TELEVISION?

HO! HO! HO! TELEVISION?
BAH! HUMBUG! WHAT
WOULD WE WANT WITH A
TELEVISION? WE WOULDN'T
HAVE TIME TO WATCH IT,
THERE'S SO MANY OTHER
THINGS WE COULD
BE DOING!

COME ON, EVERYONE AROUND THE LOG FIRE!
HANG UP YOUR STOCKINGS AND I'LL READ
YOU 'THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS'.

OH, SUPER
FATHER!
OUR
FAVOURITE!

CAN WE HAVE
MINCE PIES TOO?

Later...

TONIGHT SANTA WILL COME, I'M
SO EXCITED! GOODNIGHT FATHER,
IT'S BEEN A WONDERFUL DAY.

YES, THANK YOU FOR
MAKING OUR DAY SO
SPECIAL. GOODNIGHT.

I'M GOING UP NOW TOO DARLING,
DON'T STAY UP TOO LATE, IT'S THE
BIG DAY TOMORROW.

YES MY LOVE, I'LL JUST
READ A FEW MORE
BOOKS.

YAWN!

Soon the only sound in the house was the clock ticking as it neared midnight...

TICK! TOCK!

ZZZZZZZZZZ!

EDWIN SCOT-DOOOOOON-GEI!

UH? EH?

WH... WHA...
W... W... WHO?...
WHAT?... WHERE?...
WHO ARE YOU?!

I AM THE GHOST
OF CHRISTMAS
TELEVISION!

CHRISTMAS TELEVISION?
WHAT DO YOU WANT
WITH ME? I HAVEN'T GOT
A TELEVISION!

THAT'S RIGHT, AND I'M
GOING TO MAKE SURE
YOU CHANGE YOUR WAYS
EDWIN SCROOGE!

WHERE ARE
WE GOING?

COME WITH ME AND I'LL
SHOW YOU CHRISTMAS
TELEVISION FAST.

IT'S CHRISTMAS 1970. A COUPLE WATCH THE
MORECAMBE AND WISE CHRISTMAS SPECIAL
ON BLACK AND WHITE 405 LINE TELEVISION.

HAI HAI HAI!

HEAR THEIR LAUGHTER
EDWIN SCROOGE!

THE SMALL BOY IN THE CORNER,
DO YOU RECOGNISE HIM?

YES... YES...
IT'S ME.

ED, COME OVER AND SEE
THIS. ANDRE PREVIN'S A BUS
CONDUCTOR. IT'S HILARIOUS!

BAHE
HUMBUH!

CHRISTMAS TELEVISION HAS COME
A LONG WAY SINCE THEN, ONLY
THREE CHANNELS, ALL IN BLACK
AND WHITE. NO VIDEO RECORDERS,
NO DAYTIME TELEVISION... BUT
EVERYONE WAS HAPPY.

HMM... THEY
WERE LAUGHING.

NOWADAYS CHRISTMAS TELEVISION IS VERY DIFFERENT. FIVE TERRESTRIAL CHANNELS, FOUR OF WHICH ARE WORTH WATCHING, DOZENS OF CHANNELS ON SATELLITE AND CABLE, 24 HOUR NEWS, LIVE HOSPITAL BROADCASTS, VCR'S WITH VIDEO PLUS AND SCART CONNECTIONS... THE LOT.

WELL, I SUPPOSE IT SOUNDS QUITE INTERESTING.

INDEED, BUT COME WITH ME TO SEE TELEVISION YET TO COME!

THIS IS THE FUTURE OF CHRISTMAS TELEVISION!

COUNTLESS CHANNELS! DIGITAL! SATELLITE! CABLE! PAY PER VIEW! VIDEO DISC! WIDESCREEN! DOLBY SURROUND!

EVERYTHING YOU COULD EVER WISH TO WATCH, ALL SHOWING AT THE SAME TIME! FROM FESTIVE HOLLYWOOD BLOCKBUSTERS TO CHRISTMAS SHOPPING BY TELEVISION! LIVE MONSTER TRUCK PULLS FROM GERMANY!

THOUSANDS OF STATIONS SHOWING THE SAME PROGRAMMES TIME AND TIME AGAIN! DUTCH FARMYARD PORNOGRAPHY! EIGHTEEN CHANNELS THAT BROADCAST 'KEEPING UP APPEARANCES' 24 HOURS A DAY, STAGGERED AT TWO MINUTE INTERVALS!

YES! YES! YES! I WANT IT! I WANT IT! I WANT IT!

I WANT IT! I WANT IT!

ED! IT'S CHRISTMAS MORNING! YOU'VE BEEN THERE ALL NIGHT!

CHRISTMAS MORNING? THEN I HAVEN'T MISSED IT! OH, CLEVER SPIRIT!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Ten minutes later...

IT'S THE BIGGEST TELEVISION MONEY COULD BUY! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

FATHER YOU'RE WONDERFUL! THIS WILL BE THE BEST CHRISTMAS EVER!

Boxing Day...

DAD...

SHUT IT! I'M WATCHING THIS!

The End

FINBARR SAUNDERS & HIS DOUBLE ENTENDRES



Now then Finbarr, many people consider it foolhardy to go mountain climbing in the north of Scotland in the depths of winter. However - as long as a few simple rules are followed, it is perfectly safe.



As mountaineers of many years standing, my wife and I know that taking a supply of the right sort of food is essential. I always pack fruit in my backpack - whilst my wife keeps heels ready available.



After many's the times we've found ourselves huddled together half up a mountain... as reaching for the large juicy pear stuffed down the inside of my wife's jumper whilst she sucks greedily at the two shiny fuses lying in my sack.



Of course, in conditions like these hot food is very important we would often find a sheltered hollow to make a small fire. Sometimes when it got really cold, my wife had to crouch down and blow on the glowing red bit to keep it from dwindling away to nothing.



Once we got a good flame the cooking utensils would often get to a very high temperature. As a result my wife would often refuse to touch my panhandle unless she was wearing thick gloves.



This is an ideal place to set up our base camp, Finbarr. My wife was always very keen on any substantive, traditionally styled dunnage tent. But then it was an unusual colour. Yes, she couldn't get enough of my big pink bellend.



Mind you - I got it out on the back lawn a few weeks ago and the lady next door was laughing at me over the fence because I worked myself into a lather for more than an hour trying to get it erect.



So now we got one of these new-fangled ones where they fit a string in the shaft. I can get mine up in less than a minute - using only one hand.



Another advantage is that my new 'cost' requires no fiddly fudge-work to thread the frang-foote through the narrow eyelets in the outer skin. Sometimes I had to stick a frozen finger into my wife's hairy old muff before it was warm enough to bend my long flexible pole into the ring.



This firm snow is a good walking surface. I remember once walking on an ice field with a slight dusting of snow. It was 2" thick, very slippery, with a crusty layer of white flakes on the top.



That was on the Matterhorn. I was trying a new previously untested route to the summit. Yes, I'd been on the 'horn for about 8 hours before I finally struggled all the way up her rear passage.



Mind you, Finbarr, nothing compares to planting the flag at the peak of a previously unconquered mountain. Ah... the sense of satisfaction! As you stick it in - and then realise you're the first man back to have got on top.



But danger is never too far away. Many's my way back down the Matterhorn. I was buried by a sudden avalanche! I was only rescued because the helicopter pilot spotted my bright purple helmet poking out between two rocks.



To everyone's amazement, I had only superficial cuts and bruises. Have I ever showed you the scar on my shirt? It's pink, about eight inches long - and it's on the bone.



The path splits into two here, Finbarr. To decide which way to proceed, we require a magnetic compass. Luckily, my wife gave me one on Christmas morning.



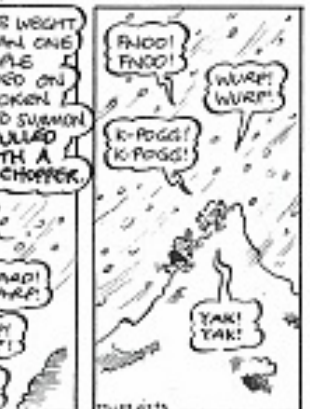
It's only a small one - but I'll decide what to do after I've fished it out of my trousers and seen which way the red end is pointing.



It also doubles as a heliograph. I spent most of last night furiously rubbing my up - as a result it's so shiny I can flash it at people to attract their attention.



It's been worth its weight in gold on more than one occasion. For example, when I was stranded on a ledge with a broken leg and was able to summon assistance. I was pulled off by a man with a great big scarlet chopper.



Endo! Endo! Warm! Warm! K-Pog! K-Pog! Yaki! Yaki!



And here we are at the summit, Finbarr. What a sense of achievement! We have gained the elite band of pedale who have toiled to the top of this magnificent, isolated peak. The remote...



Mrs Saunders? What... mean how...? I came on the bus. FL!



Shorley. Gradue ah, Mrs Saunders. It's big and hairy! Sounds like an owl and a marmoset spotted the admirable snowman. And it smells of fish. Can... Yes, we ought now pick your cock up it.

The COWARD of COUNTY ICE-CREAM

Flanders. Row upon row of white tombstones, each one telling its own story of courage and tragedy. But at the end of one of these endless rows stands a stone which tells a story which is stranger than fiction itself.



August 4th, 1914, and war fever grips the nation. General Kitchener mounts a campaign to recruit 100,000 soldiers to be killed in the trenches.



Have you enlisted, Herbert? They say it'll all be over by Christmas.



No. I'd love to, but somebody has to stay behind and sell ice cream to the women and children.

Over the coming months, Herbert watched and sold ice cream as the men of England packed up their troubles in their old kit bags and marched off to war.



There you are - two Fabs and a Zoom. That's a ha'penny farthing, son.

What would you like, madam?

I'll have a Magnum, please.



Certainly. That's ten bob.

There! That's for you.



Thank you

But Herbert's blood turned as cold as one of his minty stripe choc ices when he unfolded the note.



Gasp!! A white feather!

That night, Herbert gazed at the feather, deep in thought. He knew he had a duty to die for his country, but he also had a duty to his customers. He faced a difficult choice - stay at home and face shame, or go to war and face death.



Hello, Herbert, dear. Did you have a good day selling ice cream?



Yes, my dear. And you? Did you have a good day at the Women's Institute?

Yes, wonderful

I've been talking to Mrs. Wilberforce. Her husband Albert has been gassed in the trenches and had his leg blown off. They've given him a medal. Isn't it marvelous?



Erm... yes, dear

She's so proud

That reminds me, we made this for you at the W.I. craft circle



It's true! I AM a coward. The Coward of County Ice Cream



For Herbert, this was the final humiliation. He knew what he had to do.

Two days later, and in the trenches at Ypres there is a brief respite in the relentless gunfire.



Tell you what, Billy. When I get back to Blighty, I'm going to take my girl and buy her the biggest ice cream money can buy

Gaw! Ice cream, eh?

Here she is, look, eating a Walls Choc Top Woppa.

That's what I miss most about back home, ice cream.



You know, sarge, I can almost hear the van. You know, that tinnny, distorted theme from Popeye. It takes me right back.



Hang on a mo. I can hear it too.

And me. And it sounds like it's getting nearer.



Look! It's Herbert!



Soon the battlefield at Ypres rang to the sound of Herbert's annoying chimes.



The men lined up for their ice creams. As one fell to the crack of a German shot, another stepped forward to take his place in the queue.

A ninety nine, please, with crushed nuts and monkey's blood

I'll have a blackcurrant split.



After six hours of selling ice cream, Herbert was close to exhaustion.

Jolly good show, old boy! Your plucky ice cream selling has boosted moral no end...

...but I'm afraid you'll have to close your till up now...



...GHQ have sent orders. We're to go over the top just as soon as we've finished our ice creams. Jerry's fire will be pretty heavy, so you'd better get back to Blighty.

And, thank you!



With a heavy heart and a heavy till, Herbert reached inside his pocket for the van key...



...and noticed something flutter to the ground.



Meanwhile...

Right, chaps. Bayonets fixed, gas masks ready, cigarette lighters over hearts...

...and over the top on my whistle.



Suddenly...

It's Herbert! He's driving into no-man's land



Achtung! Einer Icerwagen!

Jai Jai Schnell



Look! He's distracting the Germans! Quick! Over the top!

Phreeeeep!

Einer neun und neunzig mit minkbluden

Jai und knacken-nutten, bitte.



Suddenly...



Herbert was killed instantly when his van ran over a mine, but his death was not in vain. His act of bravery allowed the British forces to advance and gain 2 foot 6 inches of mud.

He was buried with full Dairy Produce Industry honours and his name remembered as a hero, and no longer as the Coward of County Ice cream.



"You'll be shaken, not stirred by me"

The Official
Leonardo DiCaprio

'Bond'

It's the same problem every Christmas afternoon.

You've had too much to drink, you've got turkey coming out of your ears and you're slumped in front of the telly with a box of Matchmakers and a bottle of Pepto-Bismol. The film has started, and there's a Bond, a bad-die and a busty bird in a bikini, but you're none the wiser. The last thing you want is a family row over which film it is, especially since you'll all be asleep before the first commercial break. The only person alive who can tell the films apart is Cubby Broccoli, and he's dead. You could reach for

Disc a.



Software License

Please read the following notes carefully before following the set-up procedure.

This software is licensed to you under the terms and conditions contained in the license agreement licensed and agreed by the Leonardo DiCaprio (software) Corporation Ltd. Connecticut.

By sticking a drawing pin through the centre of this disc, you agree to become bound by the terms of this agreement.

*This Bond-o-matic software is version 2.3, and is not compatible with Thunderball or Casino Royale, but they never got shown anyway.

Disc d.

The uses of the words 'official', 'Titanic' and 'Leonardo DiCaprio' in connection with this third rate franchise

any fantas-Titanic free gift, and it's for your eyes only"

-o-matic' Computer

the Radio Times, but that would involve moving, so it's not a realistic option. It's a *titanic* problem. That's where too-small-faced 'Titanic' actor Leonardo DiCaprio throws you a lifeboat and saves you from drowning in the icy waters of 007 film-title confusion. The **'Leonardo DiCaprio Bond-o-matic computer'** is a patented high-precision laptop computer that enables you to identify any Bond film* by simply feeding in data from your own television screen. It's a free gift, 'From Leonardo with Love', and it won't cost you a 'Money penny'.



Fig. 1

Software installation and set-up procedure.

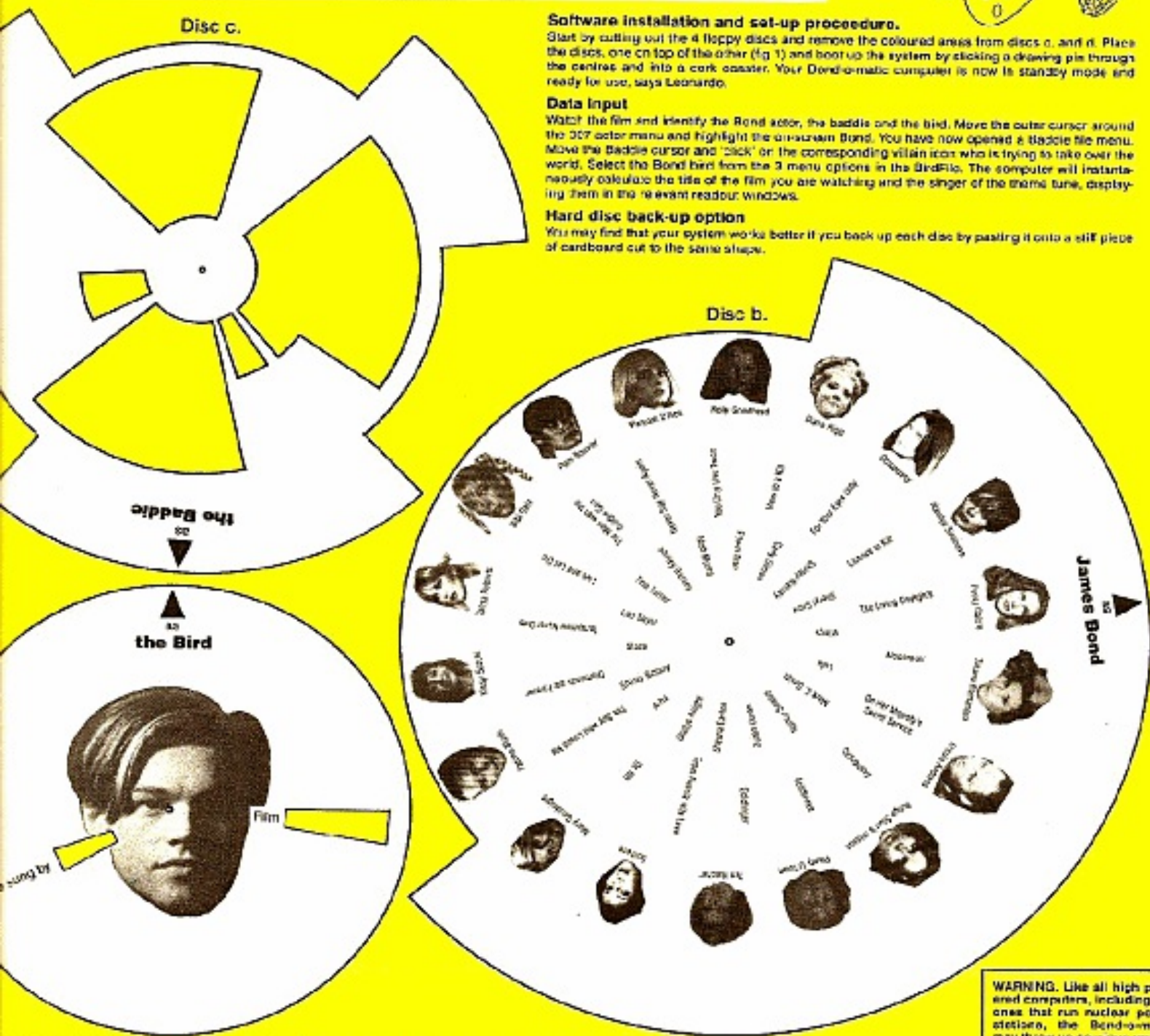
Start by cutting out the 4 floppy discs and remove the coloured areas from discs c, and d. Place the discs, one on top of the other (fig 1) and boot up the system by clicking a drawing pin through the centres and into a cork coaster. Your Bond-o-matic computer is now in standby mode and ready for use, says Leonardo.

Data Input

Watch the film and identify the Bond actor, the baddie and the bird. Move the outer cursor around the 007 actor menu and highlight the on-screen Bond. You have now opened a baddie file menu. Move the Baddie cursor and 'click' on the corresponding villain icon who is trying to take over the world. Select the Bond bird from the 3 menu options in the BirdFile. The computer will instantaneously calculate the title of the film you are watching and the singer of the theme tune, displaying them in the relevant readout windows.

Hard disc back-up option

You may find that your system works better if you back up each disc by pasting it onto a stiff piece of cardboard cut to the same shape.



WARNING. Like all high-powered computers, including the ones that run nuclear power stations, the Bond-o-matic may throw up spurious results if incorrect data is entered.

The MODERN PARENTS

John Fordell 98

Once we've bought our tree, you can come back to my house and help me decorate it... Are you coming next week, to stay at mine for Christmas again, boys?

You bet! Thanks, Uncle Eddie! Mum and Dad are boycotting Christmas, as usual.



Well, I suppose Cressida and Malcolm would be welcome to come too if they wanted to... She is my sister, after all.

They won't want to, honestly... They're busy organising some stupid Action Group about something or other...



A four foot tree?... No problem, sir!... We're just about to go out and cut a few more down, if the boys want to come and choose one...

Yeah!



STOP!!



We shall not let you murder these trees!

Silent night, holy night... Don't the trees deserve human rights?

That's really profound, Malcolm. You should publish your protest songs, you know.



You must stop this destruction of our native forest!

Don't be daft!... This isn't native forest! These trees are just a farm crop... You don't object to farmers digging up carrots, do you?



You might buy factory-farmed supermarket vegetables, ripped from Mother Earth by machines but we only buy organic, free-range vegetables which have been lifted carefully from the soil, with their leaves still on them.



These trees are a vital source of... of ozone, needed to... um... to replenish the C.F.C. layer which mankind's global-warming has depleted!

Look, Cressida, why don't you just come down and let these people get on with their job?...



Don't you order me around, Edward!... And I won't put up with you dragging Tarquin and Guinevere into your tree-murdering schemes!

Come on sir... We'll go and get you a tree from over there instead... These nutters will soon get cold and go away.



You can use all the anti-persons-with-mental-health-problems terminology you like but we're not going anywhere!

We're a self-sufficient tree-dwelling community... We can stay up here for months if we have to!



That night...

Er... Ashley and I thought we might... er... go home now... We feel we've made our protest.

Yes... Tara and I would love to stay but I suffer from Sensitive-Person's-Climate-Affected-Discomfort-Syndrome if I stay out when it's this cold...



Huh! Really, I have to question the commitment of some members of this group.

Well maybe we can save at least some of this forest without staying out here all night... My plan will only take an hour or so...



The next morning...

Oh, so you came home then? You decided to give up after all...

Not at all! We simply found a better strategy... Look out of the window...



Where have all these Christmas trees come from?!

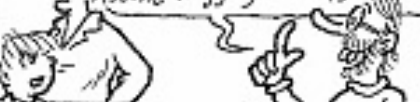
We liberated them last night! We carefully dug around their roots and brought them here in Ashley's van.



You mean you stole them?!

Tarquin, trees don't belong to anyone... Woodhill Farm had stolen them from nature.

Soon we'll be able to plant them back into the wild... But first they'll need to recover from their traumatic experience in that tree death-camp... I'll go out and give them some hugging therapy later.



And this is just the start of our Action Group's campaign of liberation... We'll have another surprise for you when you get home from school...



DIANA ROSS'S DOGSHIT MUSEUM

POP SUPERSTAR DIANA ROSS WAS EMERGED ON A MOST REMARKABLE JOURNEY

FOR SHE WAS DRIVING HER FANTASTIC TRAVELLING MUSEUM OF DOGSHIT ACROSS THE ALPS TO SWITZERLAND

THE EX-SUPREME'S TWO COMPANIONS WERE YOUNG ORPHANS TIM AND JANICE HAMPSON, WHO HAD RUN AWAY FROM THEIR ORPHANAGE TO JOIN THE DOGSHIT MUSEUM

IT'S GETTING PRETTY COLD IN THESE MOUNTAINS, DIANA ROSS

I ONLY HOPE YOUR DOG TURDS DON'T ICE OVER

DON'T WORRY TIM

DIANA ROSS'S DOGSHIT MUSEUM

WE'LL STOP OVERNIGHT AT THIS LITTLE SAVARIAN VILLAGE

THE THREE FRIENDS OPENED UP THE MUSEUM IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE AND BEFORE LONG A LARGE CROWD HAD GATHERED

DIANA ROSS'S DOGSHIT MUSEUM

ROLL UP, ROLL UP, COME AND SEE EUROPE'S EIGHTH LARGEST COLLECTION OF DOG EGGS



WE HAVE NEARLY SIXTEEN SPECIMENS, EACH ONE PERFECTLY FORMED AND ABSOLUTELY MINDING

THE DOGSHIT MUSEUM WAS SOON DOING A ROARING TRADE



LATER, AT CLOSING TIME



WHY DON'T WE STAY HERE FOR A WEEK OR SO, DIANA ROSS. YOUR MUSEUM WOULD BRING IN A FORTUNE

JUST THEN AN ANNOYANT SAVARIAN PEASANT APPROACHED



FOR THESE MOUNTAINS ARE INHABITED BY VAMPIRES AND ABOMINABLE SNOWMANS AND THAT, AND, ACCORDING TO LOCAL LEGEND, THEY'RE REALLY SCARY AND WILL COME AND GET YOU

DON'T LET HIM WORRY YOU, CHILDREN. THAT'S JUST AN OLD SAVARIAN SUPERSTITION



COME ON - LET'S GET SOME SLEEP

BUT EARLY NEXT MORNING TIM AND JENNY HEARD A SCREAM COME FROM INSIDE THE MUSEUM



WHAT IN THAT'S DIANA ROSS!

(GASPS) MY BEAUTIFUL DOG SHIT MUSEUM HAS BEEN VANDALISED!



SOMEONE - OR SOMETHING - CAME IN DURING THE NIGHT AND WRECKED ALL THE EXHIBITS

MY PRECIOUS TURDS HAVE BEEN STREWN ACROSS THE FLOOR AND TRODDEN ON SOME OF THE CRUMBLY ONES HAVE ALL BROKEN UP



AND LOOK - THERE'S ONE THAT'S HAD A LOLLY STICK STUCK INTO IT

I WARNED YOU, MY FOREIGN FRIENDS! IT WAS ALL THEM MONSTERS AND YETIS THAT SMASHED UP YOUR MUSEUM



(SHUDDER) PERHAPS THE OLD MAN IS TELLING THE TRUTH - PERHAPS IT WAS MONSTERS

I THINK NOT. ONE OF THE VANDALISED EXHIBITS HAS A BICYCLE TYRE TRACK THROUGH IT



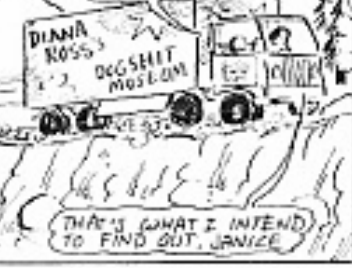
WHAT KIND OF YETI WOULD RIDE A BICYCLE?

AND LOOK - SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SCRAPING THEIR BE-SHITTED SHOE ALL THE WAY UP THE KERB



THE TRAIL LEADS UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS - LET'S FOLLOW IT

WE FRIENDS SET OFF UP THE STEEP MOUNTAIN ROAD



BUT DIANA ROSS, WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO DESTROY YOUR DOGSHIT MUSEUM?

THAT'S WHAT I INTEND TO FIND OUT, JANICE

SUDDENLY



LOOK OUT! THAT TRUCK JUST APPEARED FROM NOWHERE

IT - IT'S TRYING TO FORCE US OFF THE ROAD

GLADYS KNIGHT! SO IT WAS YOU ALL ALONG



THIS MOUNTAIN RANGE ISN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US, DIANA ROSS - SO NOW I'M GOING TO PUSH YOU OVER THE CLIFF EDGE

BUT DIANA ROSS JAMMED ON THE BRAKES, SENDING GLADYS KNIGHT AND HER COLLECTION OF CATSHIT CURIOS OVER THE CLIFF



SCREECH!

SHE - SHE'S GONE, CHILDREN



COME ALONG, LET'S CONTINUE ON OUR JOURNEY TO SWITZERLAND

AND SO



AIN'T NO MOUNTAIN HIGH ENOUGH



He's a Sneezy Lover

By our Medical Musical Correspondent
Dr. Feelgood Stutterford

AS well as contending with aching limbs, runny noses and swollen glands, flu sufferers this winter will face an extra headache - a whopping bill from pop millionaire Phil Collins!

For the baldy Genesis drummer, whose previous investments include fish farms, Christmas trees and racehorses, has snapped up all world rights to the influenza virus.

Victims

Unlucky victims will find themselves coughing up an amazing £8.50 a day in royalties to the greedy chart-topping slapster. If this winter's expected epidemic materialises, Collins can look forward to profits of £5000 million billion or more.

The War Song

Collins, 45, acquired the infection privately two weeks ago and immediately leased it to himself via a wholly owned holding company, 'Ill Collins Plc' based in the Channel Islands. City analysts expect profits from the company to double with

Swollen coughers swell coffers for stumpy tubthumper

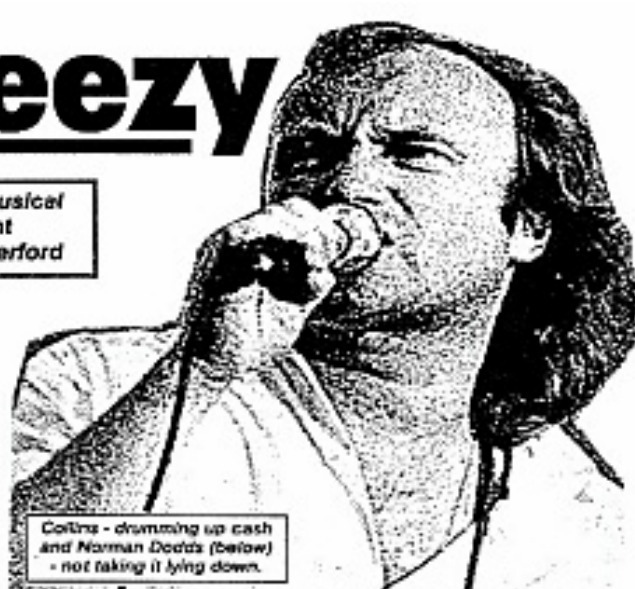
this new addition to a portfolio which already boasts veruccas, bad guts and the clap.

The Medal Song

But news of Collins' winter bug buy-out got a cold reception from Norman Dodds, chairman of the National Influenza Sufferers Society. "This is a terrible blow for anyone with a bunged up nose" he told reporters.

It's a Miracle

And Collins is not the only pop star to cash in on peo-



Collins - drumming up cash and Norman Dodds (below) - not taking it lying down.



ple's misery. As cases of T.B. increase, has-been trouser-splitting singer P.J. Proby looks forward to a cash windfall, having made what looked like a bad investment when he bought a majority share in the degenerative lung disease in the fifties.

However, illnesses are not always a healthy investment. Ex-Beatle Ringo Starr made a big blunder in 1967 when all his Yellow Submarine royalties sank without trace after he bought smallpox, three weeks before a cure was found. His sole income nowadays comes from ownership of the rights to that pain you get behind your eye if you eat ice cream too quickly.

Karma chameleon

A spokeswoman for Collins last night said, "The number you have dialed has not been recognised. Please replace the handset and try again. Do do dip. Do do dip."

Tea man arrested

A 45-year-old Lincolnshire librarian was last night charged with sweetening a cup of tea left on a worktop by his mother.

Graham McBride of Bardney Old Cottages, Woodhall Spa stands accused of adding one or more teaspoonfuls of sugar to the tea, belonging to Mrs. Brenda McBride, 70, of



An angry McBride is led away by police.

the same address, making it unpalatable to her. A further charge of sipping the tea may also be brought if the results of forensic tests prove positive.

Statement

A short police statement issued this morning read, "At 2.30a.m., Graham McBride was charged with sweetening tea on the 15th November this year. We also wish to speak to him about a sipping offence, and he has been detained for further questioning."

Overdraft

Mrs. McBride was unavailable for comment today, but a neighbour who did not wish to be named told reporters that she had been visibly shaken on the day of the incident. "The first thing we knew about it was when the police cars pulled into the close," she said. "This isn't the sort of thing you expect around here."

Queues

In 1956, Mr. McBride's father, Ernest, then 30, was hanged after being found guilty of stirring his tea with the sugar spoon, and then replacing it in the bowl when it was all wet.

Who's Next?

The Who guitarist Pete Townshend revealed this week how his life was wrecked after the death of the band's drummer, Keith Moon, 20 years ago.

For since that time, the rock legend has lived in fear of a curse developing that would pick the band members off one by one.

Member

"Keith's death could be written off as a one-off thing," he told us yesterday. "But if another band member, say Roger or John were to die, then 'The Curse of The Who' would be a reality, and I could be next."

Tool

The fear of the curse has taken its toll on Townshend. Nervous-looking and a chronic chain smoker, he hasn't left his Rich-

EXCLUSIVE

mond mansion since Moon's death in 1978, except to go out and perform his daily business.

Chopper

But other band members were less worried. "I wouldn't believe in 'The Curse of The Who'" said Roger Daltrey, speaking from his fish shop. "It would all be a load of scaremongery and mumbo jumbo."

John Thomas

Bass guitarist John Entwistle was less sceptical, however. "The series



The Who - no hex please, we're Brit-pop.

of deaths would probably be a coincidence rather than a curse," he told us. "But being a superstitious

person I'd probably be a bit more careful when crossing the road or eating fish bones."



KENNY BALL AND HIS JAZZMAGS



DUNN FORGET, EIGHT.
MIDNIGHT - BRAY
OUT DOOR



LOOK AT THAT- 20 F-F-FUCKIN' SECONDS INTO 1999 AN' THEIR GAMZ. ME NEW YEARS'S RESOLUTION NEXT YEAR THOUGH- A WILL GIVE IT UP- ONE MORE FUCKIN' YEAR OF THE AGE -THEN NO MORE AGE AFTER THAT- F-FUCKIN' ——— F.F.F. FINITE ———



SORRY - I
A'VE MUCKIN'
YONKED ON
YER SHOES
A BIT, UN..



IT'S MY MINNY OFF THE
PUCKIN' NASH WOT KEEPS 'ER
AN' THEM F-PUCKIN' BURNS
IN TAGE AN' MICROCHIPS.



'ERE!'ERE IT IS, LOOK - A
FFUCKIN' WEAZTH OF PISS...
HAPPY F-ff-ffUCKIN'
NEW YEAR.



